## Evening Chat

The National touring week move ment recently begun by the Depart-ment of the Interior, is fast gaining ment of the interior, is tast gaining supporters, so that when the week be-gins Sunday, thousands of motorists will have completed their plans and will start on a weeks tour to see some of their own country. In this state garage dealers and sup-

ply men are preparing for the influx of tourists from neighboring states who are attracted by the variety or scenery the good roads now in West Virginia.

"See America First by Seeing Your Own State Now," is the slogan that has aroused the pride of the citizens. Today many local owners of cars are filling the grease cups in the old car and fixing up the spare tires for the weeks tour. Many new cars have weeks tour. Many new cars have been rushed into this vicinity so that the new owners could join in the popular movement.

Right in line with this National Touring week Movement, the county engineer has made every effort to have the dirt roads in this county in the best possible condition. The work is now almost completed for the summer and the main thoroughfares leading to and from Fairmont in various directions are far better than the average dirt

Monongalia's county's roads are also in fair shape while the roads in Wetzel county are even better than in this county. All of the main pixes in Wetzel were regraded and who ened last year, so that when the weather is dry some of the most delightful motoring roads are found there. When it rains hard for several days, the new roads, which are still soit to a certain extent, are sloughs of despond for the innocent driver who is unused to West Virginia touring.

A number of large yellow placards bearing rules and suggestions from the Public Health Council of West Virrunic Health Council of West Virginia, for the prevention of typhoid and tuberculosis, have been received by the Marion county health officer who was requested to display them in public places. One of each have been posted in the county clerks office and the remainder will be sent to the various towns in the county where they will be tacked up in the town hairs and the school buildings. This campaign of publicity and education that has been begun by the state Board of Health, will undoubtedly bring the matter to the attention of the people in such a manner that much you will be such a such a manner that much you will in such a magner that much good will be accomplished.

state that this years crop of the suc-culent blackberries is a bumper one. Whether this is to be a cause for conwhether this is to be a cause for con-gratulatin or not is to be doubt. I. The blackberries are good to cat and are there for the picking, and no labor is needed to bring the crop to matur-ity. If the farmer will simply leave his land alone for a year or so the berry briers will grow up of their own accord.

On the other hand a modern progressive farmer considers it a disgrace to have blackberry briers on his place. Raspberries of the cultivated variety yield far greater revenue from the same amount of ground and the raspberries are better food, and are liked and eaten by more people, besides ripening earlier in the season before the busy harvest days arrive.

Another letter from Troop No. 1, Fairmont Boy Scouts, was received oday as follows:

Bowden, W. Va., August 4

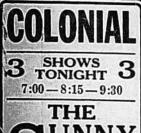
West Virginian:
Our camp is now named "Camp
Arboghast" in honor of the old Arboghast" in honor of the old gentleman who owns the land. A number of other camps are along the river here but none closer than a mile and a half. We have the most desirable spot in the little meadow with the hay all cut off. The four tents are arranged in a crescent with flag pole in front bearing the national cm. bearing the national cm. blem and the troop pennant. The camp fire is in the center of the circle with the cook fire at the rear of the cook tent. The camp table in the cook tent is large enough to accommodate all of the Scouts at once and George Hill and Fred Beall are the cooks. This morning we had waffle cakes for breakfast. The water in Cheat is cold but swimming is good. We all have fine appetites and love the cooks. Mrs. Buckey arrived in camp teday.

> Fairmont Troop No. 1 Boys Scouts of America.

## FAIRVIEW.

iodney Haines, who has been working in Oklahoma has returned home. J. C. Yost, W. D. Yost and Dr. J. W. P. Jarvis was business visitors at Fairmont Friday.

Mrs. Martha Varner, Mrs. W. D. Yost and Misses Millie Haines and Hazel Smith were in Fairmont Thursday, evening and visitors at the Staley home.



COMPANY

Coming Next Week

Amick's Pennant Winners

## WHO'S GI

By arrangement with the Pathe Exchange The West Virginian each Saturday for a number of weeks will present a novelized version of a photoplay, the scenario of which was written by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. These stories will each be complete in themselves, but the whole will consist of a powerful expose of existing social and economic ills. The pictures will be shown at the Ideal Theatre on the Thursday following the day of publication.



Sowing the Wind.

There were two pictures on Mar forie Turnbull's dressing table. But

in her heart there was only one. On the table, nestling in hig silver frames, were the photographs of Henry Scott and of his handsomer heart the image of Hugh Scott reigned alone

Cyrus Turnbull had been guardian to both the orphaned Scott boys, And he had taken both of them into his fast-growing brokerage firm.

Henry Scott was a man after the old broker's own type-honest, clever, a glutton for work. And in time these qualities made him manager of the

Hugh frankly hated work As a result he had more of it to do than had his more ambitious brother.

Being only mortal, he naturally laid his mischance at the door of hard luck and would have sworn that his brother owed his rise to fortune lenly over his own dally tasks.

There was one glint of light in Hugh's dreary, gray routine, and that was his employer's only daughter. Marjorie. He was crazily in love with the pretty and willful girl.

And ardor was for once rewarded. For Marjorie was quite swept off her feet by Hugh Scott's whirlwind courtship.

her little runabout to take her father home to lunch. When she arrived Turnbull and Henry were closeted together, discussing a bit of important business in the former's private room. correcting a balance sheet.

"Oh, sweetheart!" said Hugh, "It's a check in a letter to see you! This has been such a rotten morning. Just one of those days nobody wants Everything's gone crosswise. revered father has been calling me down. He told me that if I didn't take

"How beastly!" she consoled. "You poor, poor boy! I do wish I could help! I know how it feels to have people spoil one's day. Mrs. Hardy spoils mine nearly always."
"Mrs. Hardy?" repeated Hugh, sur-

"But how?"

"Oh, ever since she came to us as lousekeeper she's been setting her cap to marry father. She thinks if were safely married and out of way he'd be so lonely he'd marry her. And she's forever nagging at me to marry Henry. This morning, as I was coming into the breakfast room 1 heard her saying to father: 'If you don't look out she will be marrying Mr. Hugh Scott instead of his broth-

"She said that?" exclaimed Hugh What did your father-

"Father had no chance to answe her at all. I walked right in on them



and I said to her: 'I am going to marry whom I choose. But I don't think you can.'"

'Listen, darling!" said Hugh, draw ing her close to him. "I have an idea —an idea that's so crazy it's inspired. Let's get married; now, today, this

"What?" "I mean it. We can go out now. The nearest justice of the peace can

But-but," she hesitated, the reckless idlocy of the idea firing her girlish blood. "Is it quite fair to dad,

"Is it quite fair to you." he retorted friend." "to have Mrs. Hardy influencing him against you? Oh, sweetheart, I love sulky surrender. you so! And I'm so miserable with out you! Make me happy! Marry me

Hand in hand, laughing, like two children, they ran to the door. At the threshold Hugh paused.

AUTHOR OF "THE SIL ER BUTTERFLY,""SAL-LY SALT," "THE BLACK PEARL," ETC.

NOVELIZED FROM THE SE. RIES OF PHOTOPLAYS OF THE SAME NAME RELEASED BY PATHE EXCHANGE

'Wait a second." he said. "It's against the rules to leave valuable pa pers lying loose on the desk

As he spoke he turned toward the wall deak at which he had been sit ting. It was littered with papers of various sorts, including an envelope that contained \$760,000 worth of bonds

With one careless sweep of his hands Hugh jumbled the mass of pa pers together so that he could bundle them into the safe.

The bond envelope was at the rear of the desk, where Hugh had tossed it, after jotting down the numbers And now, the sudden jostling of the other papers against it, sent the den from sight by the back-board of the desk.

Hugh did not notice its fall. Meantime, in Turnbull's private of

fice, Henry Scott and his employer had reached a decision on the busi-

ness question they were discussing.
"If it comes to a question of further collateral in the Bogardus loan, Henry said, as he was leaving the "Hopkins says we can put up that block of bonds he deposited with The face value is \$76,000; and they mature-they mature in-I for get the date. But Hugh will know. I

He stepped to the door of the outer office and then reported;
"Hugh isn't here. He must be out

at lunch. But, for once, be's put all his papers back in the safe. He-"

If he has," growled Turnbull, "it's the first time on record. He must be ill. Just take a look through the safe, will you, and find the date when those Honkins bonds mature?"

Henry crossed to the safe and

Patiently he sought to put the p rs to rights, at the same time searching for the bond envelope.

The envelope was not there. His brow clouding, Henry went back to the private office.

"The Hopkins bonds," he said, hesi tatingly, "are missing."

"Missing?" roared Turnbull, leaning to his feet. "Missing? Seventythousand dollars' worth of negotiable securities missing? And Hugh Scott is 'missing,' at the same time!'

"No!" denied Henry, flercely

"You're wrong, sir. My brother-"Your brother is lazy, pleasure-low ing, extravagant. He lives above his salary, as I happen to know, and he is in debt. His creditors are bother ing him. And this morning I threatoned to discharge him. He was in a tight corner. And he vanished. Hopkins bonds vanished, too. What is the answer?"

"I don't believe it," declared Henry

"I won't believe it."

Turnbull wheeled about and caught up the telephone. Before Henry Scott could stop him, Turnbull had called up police headquarters and was telling his story to the desk lieutenant

There," said the older man, at last, as he set down the instrument. "That's settled. The police are going to send out a general alarm at once.

"Mr. Turnbull!" broke in Henry, his face white, his jaw set. "I believe you are doing my brother a terrible injustice. I grant you that he is weak and foolish and rash, but he has never

"Never that we know of." countered Turnbull. "And there must be a first to everything, even to theft.

"Hugh has always been 'little brother' to me," said Henry, wretchedly, "ever since mother left him in my care when she died. He was a baby then, and I was a schoolboy. Ever since that time I've tried to make up to him for the loss of our parents. But lately, perhaps, I've neg-lected him for my work. I'm as much to blame as he. I should have watched im more closely.

returned Turnbull. "Nonsense!" You've stood between him and trouble a million times; but this time you can't.

"Perhaps I can," was the steady answer, as an odd light came into the brother's sorrowful eves

"You can't!" contradicted Turnbull. "You are mistaken," said Henry, There is one thing I can do. necessary I shall do it. You handed those bonds to me. I handed them to Hugh. At least, I just said I did. If worst comes to worst, I'll tell the police it was not Hugh, but I, who

"No one would believe such an idiotic story!

"You must give me your word not to prosecute," persisted Henry. "Not only for your own sake, but for the sake of our father who was your

Turnbull threw up both hands in

"Have it your own way!" he snapped. "I promise. But you'll let me scare him a little first for his own good." "Yes," said Henry regretfully, after

"One thing more," persisted Henry. Oh, it was horrible! Horrible! And

ago, you've advised me in the investment of my salary and my inheri-tance; and this advice has enabled me to turn my money over faster than most men of my age. So I can make good to you on my brother's defalca-

tion-on every cent of it."
"Wait till he is caught before we

Henry left the inner office, closing the door behind him, and crossed to the safe. As he was bending over to open it, he heard a voice in the cor-ridor that brought him to his feet staring in dull amazement. Into the outer office, arm in arm, came Hugh and Marjorie. Their faces were alight with happiness.

"Hugh!" cried Henry, dumfounded, as he stood gaping dully at his jubi-

lant brother. "Listen, old chap!" cried Hugh, in glad triumph. "I've got a whale of a

secret to tell you. We're married Marjorie and I!" Henry staggered back a step as though he had been struck across the

"Where are the bonds? What have

you done with them?"
"The bonds?" repeated Hugh, in a bewilderment that his brother's disordered senses twisted into an aspect "What bonds?"

"The police are after you," said Henry, stung to anger by what he regarded as Hugh's attempt to deny his guilt. "They are searching the city for you, at this minute. The-"

"The police?" quavered Hugh changing color. "For me? I-I don't understand."

"The police?" echoed Marjorie turned on her in a sudden flame of anger.

"Your dear husband." he said hotly "has stolen a packet of bonds, whose face value is \$76,000. The against him is complete. Mr. Turn-bull has notified the police."

"It is not true!" flashed Marjoric, as wrathful as Henry, "There is not one word of truth in it! Hugh!" she cried, turning to her bridegroom, "Tell him it is not true."

"It is true," reiterated menry.

And briefly he set forth the evidence against his brother. As the news of our marriage less angrily."

Turnbull's faw dropped in amaze
Turnbull's faw dropped in amaze
Turnbull's faw dropped in smarze
Turnbull's faw dropped in smarzechain of circumstances was completed Marjorie shrank back with a gasp of dismay.

"The police have already spread the net for him," finished Henry. the moment he steps into the street pered quickly he will be caught. He—" "It is the or

m the time I came here, 15 years the evidence is so mercilessly con-sick of hiding out.' I couldn't keep vincing. Besides, flight is confession, they say. What am I to do?" "Say nothing about your marriage

> "But it's too late! On the way from the office of the justice of the peace I scribbled a note, telling father. I left it at the house to be delivered to him as soon as he got home

until-

for fear he-

"You didn't say it was Hugh you "No. There was no need. Father

didn't want to tell him face to face

would know. Mrs. Hardy said to him only this morning—" They were interrupted by the vio lent opening of the door leading from the corridor. Across the threshold into the outer office, hurried a tail door, middle-aged woman of strikingly But handsome appearance. In one hand her, i

she clutched an open letter.
"Where is Mr. Turnbull?" she de manded loudly. The door of the private office was

opened and Turnbull came out. "I heard someone asking for me." he began. "What-Oh, it's yo Hardy? What is the matter?" "What-Oh, it's you, Mrs

Hugh, breathless. "Where's my wife?"
"I don't know where your wife is." "Matter enough!" she shrilled "This note was left at the house. I recognized Miss Turnbull's handwrit ing on the envelope; and I though perhaps it was some message I could tell you over the telephone. So 1

Marjorie made a futile and belated effort to snatch the luckless note. But it was already in her father's hands "You have disgraced yourself and

me!" thundered Turnbull, "by marry-He is a fugitive from justice. Go and join him. I'm done with you!"

"Pardon me. Mr. Turnbull" inter vened Henry, stepping forward, and putting one arm about the half-fainting girl as he faced her father, "This

"This is no affair of yours!" raged

Turnbull, "Keep out of it!"
"No affair of mine?" said Henry,
quizzically, "No affair of mine when you threaten to turn my wife out of your house? Where Marjorie goes, I

His arm still about Marjorie, Henry turned to leave the room. As he led "And the bewildered girl with him, he whis-

"It is the only possible way to save



"The Hopkins Bonds Are Missing!"

Hugh saw that neither his bride nor | you. Keep up the pretense. his brother believed him. He turned and ran to the window and looked down into the street. Directly below

on the sidewalk, stood a policeman. The bluccoat chanced to be looking and eager recognition as it fell on Hugh. Breaking into a run, he dashed

into the building. This completed Hugh's growing His nerve and his p nanic think both at once deserted He was now obsessed by an insance impulse to flee, for he believed this

to be the only thing left him to do. At a stride he was beside the hor Marjorie. He caught her arms, kissed her, and then ran headlong from the room.

Before either his bride or Henry could stop him, Hugh had bolted down the corridor at top speed.

An unoccupied office door stood oper Hugh sped into the room and to the window. In another second he was

dashing down the fire-escape.

Marjorie gave up to a flood of tears. "Don't cry, my dear," Henry said. soothingly, and keep your head. Your father is not going to prosecute him He has promised me that. But we him and make an honest man of him again. He is in no danger. Oh, how did you ever come to do so mad a thing as to marry secretly?"

"He—he was so unhappy!" faltered the girl, between her sobs. "He needed me so! Everyone else was against him. Henry, he can't be guilty!"
"I would give my life to believe

that," groaned Henry. "And I tried to believe it—even against overwhelm "And I tried ing evidence-till I saw his face just now when I accused him. You saw—"
"Yes," she shuddered, "I saw. And I'll remember it as long as I live.

divorce me in another state later on

-l'il never force my love upon you." Before they could reach the door Turnbull had rallied from his trance shaking Henry's hand with effusive delight; kissing Marjorie again and again; vowing that this was the happlest day in all his whole long life.

He overwhelmed the wretchedly unhappy couple with congratulations. "And now," interrupted Henry, whe

he could make himself heard, going to Syracuse on that Sanders minutes ago. I'll be back as soon as l can. I leave Marjorie in your care sir."

"Going to leave your wife on-o astonished old man.

"Business can't wait," said Henry briefly. "Happiness can. Good-bye I've just time to catch my train." He was out of the office befor

Turnbull could find his voice. Next day, on the bank of a river some miles away, a rural constable found Hugh Scott's hat. In it was a note that read: "I am Innocent. But I cannot prove

my innocence. So I am going to end everything." From the spot where the hat was found footsteps led down into the

water. Three months later an ill-dressed fig re crept through the twilight streets sticking close to the walls and in the shadows. At a turn in the byway he

with a policeman.

"Well," sighed Hugh, helplessly.

"Arrest you?" echoed the policeman. with a big laugh. with a big laugh. "Your boss was havin' some of the old furniture ripped be drew from a table drawer the wedout of his office last week. They ding certificate she had given into his gulled a desk away from the wall. And there was the package of bonds on the floor behind it. Turnbull notified the chief and—"

he chief and—"

Hugh Scott did not wait to hear telephoned the rector of their church! any more. With the joyous yell of a schoolboy newly let out from study. he bolted down the street at a dead

And he ran the harder as he drew

near the Turnbull house.

A prim and white-capped maid answered his summons at the Turnbull

But he pushed his eager way past her, into the house, crying: "Marjorie! Marjorie!"

Mrs. Hardy had come out into the hall. In blank fear she gazed on the returned wanderer. But she was a woman of chilled-steel nerve. And, on the instant, she realized what had oc-Where's Marjorle?" demanded

returned Mrs. Hardy, puzzled at the query. "I didn't even know you had one. But Marjorle isn't living here any more. She is at-"Not living here?" he exclaimed

Where is she? "She is at her husband's house, of course," said Mrs. Hardy. else would she be? Thoug Though, for that matter, she might as well have staved He and she have suites of rooms at opposite ends of the house, andsaid Hugh, dazedly

'Married to whom?' "Why, to Henry. Three months ago. Oh, I forgot. It was after you'd gone. The same day, but-"

She paused, stricken into mon tary silence by the awful look that distorted Hugh Scott's features. Murder-stark murder-glared from his bloodshot eyes. He tried to speak; choked, and, wheeling, staggered out of the house, holding his hands in front of him as though he had been smitten with blindness.

Mrs. Hardy for once lost her cold poise. Trembling, she ran to Cyrus Turnbull's study and burst in upon the dozing old man.

"Mr. Turnbull!" she called, shaking her employer roughly by the shoulder. 'Wake up! Something terrible has happened. Hugh Scott is alive. And he's started for his brother's house to kill him and Marjorie! Come, let

us hurry and go to them!" Red rage in his heart, Hugh Scott reeled out into the street. One great purpose obsessed his soul—revenge on the man who had stolen his wife.

In Henry Scott's new home an hour before Henry himself had sat writing at his library table. In earlier days he had pictured a home like this and just such peacefully busy evenings. But in those visions Marjorie had a ways been sitting beside him with her book or her needlework ready to smile back at him whenever his eyes should stray from his task to her dear

In actuality the strangely mated husband and wife were even farther apart than they had been in the days of Henry's futile courtship. Henry had kept his pledge not to force his love upon the girl he had claimed as

his wife. Marjorie had her own suite of rooms and he his, as Mrs. Hardy had said. And they seldom met except at meal times. Patiently and tenderly Henry had tried to soothe Marjorie's grief and to make her life happier. Never since the day of Hugh's disappearance had he spoken a word of love to her nor in any other way sought to draw her attention to himself. At every turn she was met by proofs of his considerate care for her wellbeing; but he himself stood aloof from her life.

Tonight, as he toiled over some dull office business Henry felt a great Securing it at last, he sprang to his loneliness that he could not wholly feet and stood over the conquered of bewilderment. With a joyous cry, drown in his work. All his friends he fairly flung himself upon them regarded him as the happiest of men. He alone knew he was the most heart broken.

> As he sat there, bent over his desk noiseless steps entered the library behind him A little pair of soft, cool hands

> were all at once laid over Henry's eyes. Their touch sent a wondrous thrill through the man's whole body "Marjorie!" he cried, incredulous; and he sprang to his feet and stood staring at her.

> "I-I've brought my courage to the sticking point at last, Henry." Mar jorie faltered, her averted face flaming with blushes. "I've—I've come in here to-to propose to you. It's lear year, you know," she finished, in a poor little attempt at jest to hide her confusion.

"Marjorie!" he said again, stupidly, unbelievingly.

"I love you, Henry," she whispered. And then with a great cry of rapture he caught her in his arms. And on his breast she sobbed out her swee

"I-I think I began to love you the very day you came to my rescue so splendidly in dad's office," she told him, brokenly. "And ever since my stronger as I've watched the selfsacrificing way you have tried to make me happy and to make up to me for —for Hugh. I hoped, for a while, that was treading he came face to face you'd tell me you loved me. But I th a policeman.
"Hugh Scott!" gasped the police had to do it."

Their lips met in a long, long kiss-"Well," sighed Hugh, helplessly, their first. Then Henry, his sad face
"You've got me. Take me along. I'm transformed, commanded gently:

"Get your things on, darling, as away any longer. Arrest me, if you quickly as you can. We're going to like. I won't resist."

quickly as you can. We're going to the rectory, you and I—to be manthe rectory, you and I-to be mar-

ried! While Marjorie was making ready care. Dipping a fingertip into the ink, he smudged the name "Hugh" to that only its first letter was legible.

"I have a queer request to make of you, Dr. Broughton," he told the cler-"When Marjorie and I were gyman.



"The Police Are After You." Said Henry.

married, three months ago, a justice of the peace performed the ceremony, Now, we both have decided we want to be married over again by a minister of the gospel. It will seem more sacred to us, more worthy our great love for each other. We want you to marry us. We will be at the rec tory in ten minutes." A half hour later they returned

from the rectory to their own home. At last the wretched farce of false relations was ended. They were now actually husband and wife. Into the library they came from the

outer hall—into the room that must as the scene of their first avowal of love. Henry Scott's heart was too full for words. Stretching out his arms he gathered his happy bride to his breast. And again their lips met The heavy portiere in front of the

bay window twitched violently. Forth from behind its folds strode Hugh Scott. His face was greenish white his eyes were blazing like a maniac's His right hand gripped a pistol. As her glance fell on him, Marjorle shricked. Henry felt his own brain reel. Before either of them could move

or speak Hugh moved toward his brother, snarling from between writh ing lips: 'You 'framed' me, so you could steal the woman I loved! There's only one

fit penalty for a Judas like that."

His finger tightened on the pistoltrigger as he spat the words. Henry, shaking off the bewilderment that had held him, read the murderous intent in Hughs' eyes.

With a leap, Henry cleared the space between the madman and him self, seizing Hugh's pistol-hand and at the same time catching him by the throat. To the floor crashed the brothers in their death-grapple. Over and over

they rolled, fighting like rabid beasts. Chairs and tables were overturned Twice the pistol cracked: but both times the builet struck only the wall of the room. Presently the meager and unwhole ome life of the past three months began to tell upon Hugh. Struggle as

he might, he could not hold his own against his stronger foe. Inch by inch Henry worked the pis-tol out of Hugh's weakening grasp Securing it at last, he sprang to his

Voices-the voices of Turnbull and Mrs. Hardy-sounded in the hallway Mrs. Hardy—sounded in the outside. The two newcomers wert outside. The two newcomers were toward the library. Henry so Hugh, with a last rally of strength leaped up and flung himself upon The impact caused Henry's finger

to press upon the trigger. There was a report and the bullet tore through a panel of the closed door. The door swung open-and Cyrus Turnbull's body was propelled into the room sprawling heavily upon the floor a Henry's feet. The bullet had struck Close upon the heels of Mrs. Hardy followed a policeman whom she and Turnbull had called on their hasty

fourney to the house. Seeing th dead man with Henry crouching above him, pistol in hand, the officer rushed in and seized the supposed murdere "Wait!" ordered Hugh, sanity re turning to him as suddenly as it had deserted him. "I shot Mr. Turnbull officer. I shot him, do you hear!

And my brother snatched the pist

from me, to take the blame on him

self." "Hugh!" cried Henry, aghast. "]-"Be still!" snapped Hugh Scott; then, turning again to the policeman "My brother has paid oftener than I had any right to ex pect. But this time I pay my own debt—and perhaps pay back a little of what I owe him, along with it. Be sides, she loves him. Her eyes say so. If I'd know that—! Officer, I alout Mr. Turnbull. I did it because he false

accused me of theft. Arrest me."
(END OF SIXTH STORY.)